THERE WILL BE PEE!—38 XXX TARTS TIED AND TINKLING

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TABOO®

APRIL 2013



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NINA'S SECRETS OF SEXUAL SERVITUDE

NUDE NYMPHOS FOR DAPPER DUDES

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COVER PHOTO OF CHERI AND DANI BY HOLLY RANDALL

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is 1/29/13.

TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

It would have been hard to foresee, back in 1984 when all the kinksters in Los Angeles could fit in one room, a time when a single kink-oriented Web site could claim a million and a half members and a series of trashy romance novels infused with BDSM-lite would sell 40 million copies. No one would have imagined pervy events drawing upwards of 5,000 attendees, or a traveling circuit of semiprivate parties where kink and vanilla mix with no supervision and, at times, very bad outcomes.

Which brings us to the growing outcry from a few high-profile players in the BDSM world for the instantiation of a "Consent Culture" that emphasizes the importance of honest and thorough negotiation prior to any kind of BDSM activity and renewal of consent throughout the activity in question. Surely laudable intentions. Beyond that, however, certain members of this faction have taken it upon themselves to post on the Internet and disseminate elsewhere third-party charges of consent violations without evidence or proof of any kind. This is vigilantism, and it is a bad thing. Those who engage in it are undercutting the credibility of those who have suffered significant harm at the hands of predators lurking amid the vast numbers of naive newcomers we're struggling to absorb.

There is no easy answer to the dilemma posed by an erosion in generally held notions of consent. If abuses are sufficiently severe, some redress may be found through the legal system, although it is difficult to make winnable cases when the accuser has willingly agreed to behavior that may be, in some jurisdictions, itself illegal. Likewise, using social media to spread unsupported claims may act as a crude early warning system against some of the lowlifes who infest the darker corners of the scene, or it may be pure cyber-bullying.

What's needed is a recognition of the dangers of our own success and the emergence of a new generation of responsible community leaders ready to make sure that basic principles of consent and respect for the privacy of others are observed. The consequences of allowing events to unfold as they appear to be doing are impossible to predict, but the indications thus far are in no way encouraging.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

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APRIL 2013

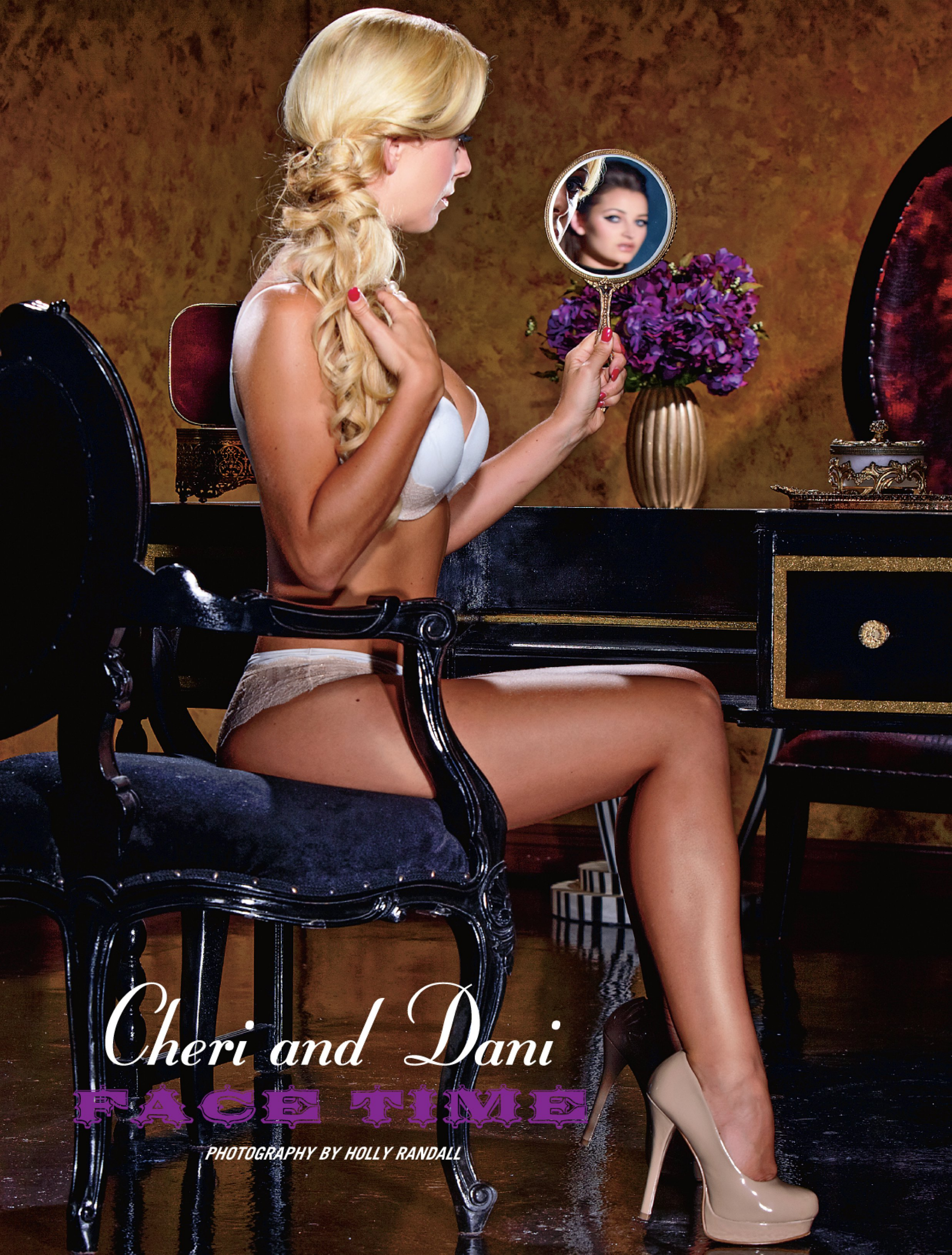






HUSTLER'S TABOO (ISSN 1099-5137) Vol. 15, No. 9, April 2013. Published monthly, except March and July, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call (800) 345-7413. A one-year subscription is $39.95. This price represents HUSTLER'S TABOO's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted. Back issues are $12 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTN. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER'S TABOO, P.O. Box 16975, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9363. Periodicals Postage Paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER'S TABOO is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA**.



Cheri and Dani

FACE TIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

I know I'm fucked when Dani's face suddenly appears from over my shoulder in the hand mirror. Why aren't I getting ready for the party? Why were my white panties obviously wet? Obviously, I need humbling. Yanked down by the hair, my whining only inspires Dani's flogging. She doesn't stop until my butt burns like it was stung by a swarm of bees. My suffering always turns us both on and instead of dressing, I'm stripped and locked into the rigid collar and yoke. Dani takes full advantage, tweaking up my nipples and sitting my blazing backside in the chair with my legs open so she can test the depth of my juices with her black rubber toy. She makes me taste it to prove the obvious.

It doesn't take much fucking with that thing to bring on the begging stage. If I don't come, I'll pass out, and Dani has other uses for me. She gives me permission, warning that I'll soon be earning it. I'm still panting and gasping when she opens the split in her shiny pants, splays me on the floor and makes herself comfortable on my face. I know just how she likes her licking and get right to work with my tongue, seeking her hard clit. Dani's a screamer. Lying on top of me to get her breath, she looks over to see our Master, whose attention she's attracted. We're going to be very late for that party.





























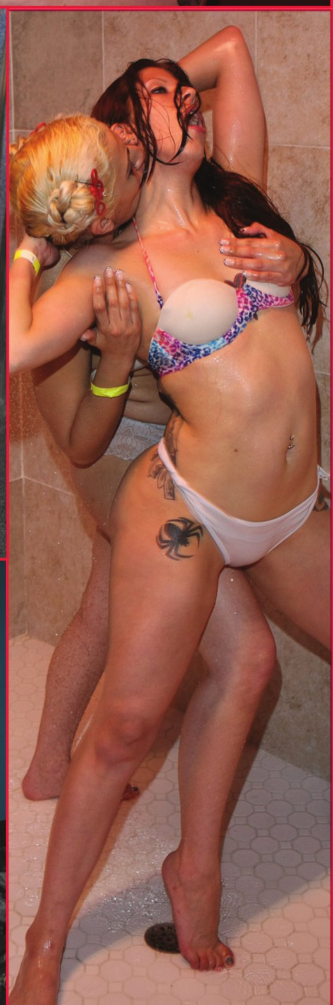



BANZAI HENTAI

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

Sanctuary LAX, one of L.A.'s most popular BDSM venues, recently hosted the debut of a truly unique and creative monthly kink convocation. Club Hentai is the first event in this country to provide a gathering ground for cos players who like to take their impersonations of favorite anime, manga and other comic characters to a more X-rated level than is permitted at public cons. Club Hentai's opener drew nearly 500 kinksters wearing everything from superhero capes to bunny ears. There were demonstrations of tentacle bondage and med play for aficionados of Japanese illustrated sex comics and cartoons, themed private rooms where living dolls engaged in everything from furry frolics to fireplay. Purple wigs, schoolgirl skirts and superhero garb in abundance made for major fantasy fun. Once again, Los Angeles leads the trend in partying for the perveratti.











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Please keep those letters coming!
-xxoo Hanna





TIED AND TINKLING

I just love your magazine. The combination of great-looking women pissing and being tied up is a terrific turn-on. It's a natural combination with a common theme, loss of control. Put the two elements together and they make delightful dynamite. Keep the ropes tight and the pee flowing. ***—Nicholas E., Tulsa, Oklahoma***

TIE THOSE TITTIES

I can't say enough good things about your March 2013 pictorial *Jessica—Broken for Entering*. Voluptuous Jessica, with her innocent face, is the perfect subject for something I don't see nearly often enough—tight breast bondage. The metal clamps were fiendish, but the wrapped ropes making her boobies bulge on the cover closed the deal at the newsstand. I was not disappointed. Not only did you gift us with Jessica's mauled mams, you topped it off with a couple of spectacular pissing shots. TABOO, you never let us down when it comes to bound beauties. ***—F. Murdock, Boise, Idaho***



DIRTY AND SWEET

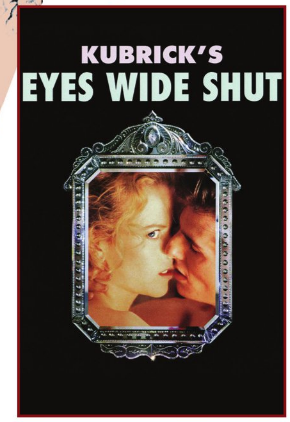
When it comes to capturing dominated darlings doing the dirty, nobody beats photographer Dave Naz. His March 2013 feature *Melody and TJ—Shame Game* had it all: a sweet slave ready to serve in every way from rimming to sack-sucking to hard anal and A2M cock worship. Her long-distance enema expulsion and eager acceptance of her Master's golden gift reminded readers of what a real sex slave is all about. Melody does it all without ever losing her innocent charm. Nice. Kudos to all. ***—Franklin Bergstrom, Henderson, Nevada***

TABOO'S **KINK DU JOUR**

FETISH FOCUS



Clothes Make the Master



Poster from the film "Eyes Wide Shut"

What is the mysterious meaning behind the initials—seen with increasing frequency on kink-oriented Web sites—CMNF? They are the short form of a particular interest known as Clothed Male, Naked Female, a rapidly growing niche interest within the greater world of fetishism. Simply defined, it is a type of scene in which the dominant male partner begins, and sometimes remains, fully dressed while the submissive female partner starts out naked and stays that way.

Though as a specific twist, CMNF is far from new, and representations of it appear commonly in both historical and modern contexts. In Roman frescoes of the sort unearthed in the excavation of ancient bordellos, scenes of aristocratic Roman men garbed in luxurious robes enjoying the attentions of naked slaves are common. In the earliest pornographic photography, as reproduced on those infamous "French postcards," men in suits are often shown fucking women in stockings or less. Indeed, naked male bodies were rare in early porn of all media. In blue movies made before sexually explicit films became legal in this country, male performers were rarely undressed beyond the strategic regions, while their female partners wore little more than garters and stockings, if that much.

Moreover, unlike more obvious fetishes, CMNF plays a visible role in the popular and commercial cultures of our own age. In how many James Bond movies have we seen the tuxedoed secret agent returning to his hotel suite to find his seductress du jour already stripped for action? How frequently in advertising, particularly for men's fashion or women's perfume, are we treated to the



sight of bare feminine flesh juxtaposed with masculine sartorial splendor? A typical issue of *Vanity Fair* is apt to contain at least a dozen such images.

Fine art photographers have certainly worked this theme repeatedly. Helmut Newton's images often show goddesslike models fully exposed among suited gents; and French lensman Dahmane frequently poses his muse Chloe with men of various types and ages enjoying a BJ or a spontaneous fuck with the sleek, fully revealed model, while remaining attired but for whatever anatomy may emerge through an unbuttoned fly.

Perhaps the apotheosis of CMNF in popular culture is to be found in Stanley Kubrick's film *Eyes Wide Shut*, wherein a clueless Tom Cruise blunders into a high-society soiree where all the men are formally attired and all the women are exposed but for faces hidden behind masks.

And as with so many behaviors that start out as random, or incidental to something else, the archetype of the clothed man with a naked partner has attained the status of an organized fetish. There are groups in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, Baltimore and, not surprisingly, throughout the U.K. that stage private parties where the dress code is strictly CMNF.

There is nothing casual for either gender about the CMNF dress code. Invitations often specify that the men are to be as elegantly attired as possible, and their companions are encouraged to accent their natural beauty with elaborate hair styles, full makeup, jewelry and high heels.

There is a definite class component to this particular proclivity. Not only are the male participants expected to dress like proper gentlemen, they're expected to behave accordingly. CMNF affairs are often begun with elegant dinners over which sophisticated flirting occurs, but open sexual interaction is withheld until later in the evening—if allowed at all—and generally restricted to private areas. There is a difference between a CMNF party and an orgy, though as the night wears on, that distinction tends to blur. Festivities tend to progress from naked lap-sitting to making out to BJs with the women kneeling and the men still dressed to the freer-for-all atmosphere in the more private spaces. The woman often begins her "service" by undressing her partner to whatever extent is required for the activities to come. The atmosphere tends to be languid and decorous rather than bawdy and raucous.

These codes hint at the essence of CMNF's appeal, which is perhaps most economically encapsulated in the phrase "power suit"—the sort of elegant, buttoned-up and buttoned-down look associated with men of means. Elegance is associated with authority, in part because it requires money to pull off effectively, and with wealth comes power.

In a recent blog post, a female CMNF enthusiast described the dynamics of such gatherings with exceeding clarity:

"I see it as a simple visual for a power exchange. The venues where these activities take place are filled with *G.Q.* types and businessmen. Many, if not most of them, are powerful in their respective fields. None are equal in stature, age or monetary gains or earnings. The equalizer is the beautiful, willing nude female. Elegantly undressed, but still coiffed and in evening makeup, adorned with jewels, heels and bracelets, otherwise our smiles are all we wear. We silently appear in the room with little if any fanfare or notice, infiltrating the setting. The men, in their suits, are essentially in armor. The mind-set needed for this exchange to be successful is key. We mustn't be bothered with our status in life. We are there only to serve. When they allow us to fumble with zippers for their man parts, and it comes out, invariably the mouth goes right for it. The primal instincts come forth within a group of otherwise subdued gentlemen. Most discussion ceases and they turn their attention to the more 'basic' pleasures in life. The duration of these events can range from two to eight hours. In Europe, they tend to be longer than American events."

Or, to put it in the words of those great philosophers Z.Z. Top: *Every girl's crazy about a sharp-dressed man.* ❐







Sophia
HARD LABOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUFFERING4ART







Only the incorrigible cases like Sophia are sent to the remote “reeducation” work farm. No longer a pampered “specialty” whore, with her inmate number tattooed on her belly and a chain collar locked around her neck, now she provides twisted pleasures to her keepers at their whim. Nipples clamped tight to a bamboo stick passed behind her knees, Sophia can do nothing to protect the stretched labia that were such an asset in luring depraved clients. A few agonizing moments and she’s eager to hold herself open for probing with the knurled wooden stick. She dares not resist the matrons who stuff her gash and asshole with their stubby clubs or pin her parts wide with binder clips. Yoked down in the hay with her legs barred apart, Sophia’s offered up for use to whole shifts of cruel captors. The warden is the worst, tying her to a ladder and attaching a heavy steel bucket to her tender tissues, waiting for Sophia’s pent-up piss to weight it still further when she finally loses control. The punishment for incontinence is having her acrid yellow fluids poured down her throat through a funnel. Sophia’s indefinite sentence amid the grime, slime and shame of her cruel incarceration will only end when they tire of tormenting her and turn her loose to offend again, knowing she’ll be back for more.




















10




10







SAGE
PROGRAMMED FOR PLEASURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DONEGAN

Sage is obedient, but shy and slow to respond. Fully restrained when not in use, she's conditioned to lower her orgasmic threshold, and the powerful wand vibe works wonders at kicking the program into gear. Sage is required to apply it to her big, lush cunt in conjunction with a variety of specially designed steel instruments. The curved rod slides directly to her G spot every time, producing gushers of girl-cum on the padded floor. The giant stainless probe works in deeper. Sage has to kneel on it, holding herself open, and fuck herself with it until the convulsions start. Each day, her orgasm requirements are increased until coming while others watch is both natural and inevitable.

As her training progresses, she learns to work the heavy tool with her internal muscles while strapped down spread-eagled. It takes time for her to learn to come this way, but she's not going anywhere until her keepers decide she's ready. The relentless penetration of the anal fucking machine is particularly ingenious, its speed and stroke varied constantly to keep Sage on the brink before finally allowing her to climax. But as her shyness fades, a new, unruly slave emerges, one who unabashedly pisses all over the floor between treatments. Fortunately, there are corrective measures for that too, as Sage learns, bound and gagged in the punishment chair with tight clamps biting her nipples. By the time they're done with her, she'll serve as required and respond on demand.





























Natalie and Larkin
STRAP HAPPY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTWORSHIP







Larkin presents Natalie rigidly strapped, collared, ball-gagged and tottering on her ballet boots, hoping to seal the deal with Natalie's new owner quickly. He's obviously pleased by the sight of Natalie's luscious flesh cruelly compressed by the tight bonds, but demands a demonstration before taking possession. He wants to be sure he's getting the properly broken slave he's promised. Securing Natalie in the examination chair with all parts exposed, Larkin tweaks Natalie's tits and uses the evil twin-tongued viper on Natalie's thighs, leaving no doubt about the girl's sensitivity to pain.

Rudely spreading Natalie open, Larkin extols the benefits of discipline before use. The big dildo slides easily to the depths of Natalie's fuckhole, but much as the bound girl wants to grind on it, she concentrates on loosening her smaller hole for the string of beads. Larkin works her just to the edge, then stands her dizzily on the punishing heels, binding her wide with rigid bars between the wrists and ankles for a salvo of searing cane strokes. Natalie's buyer is impressed by the way his new property keeps her balance while taking her strokes. The addition of an impaling dildo and an anal plug leaves Natalie begging to please. Back in the chair, Natalie gets a deep pounding with the rubber cock accompanied by a slow, torturous extraction of the anal balls. Knowing what's expected, Natalie begs to suck her potential Master's cock. The merchandise is ready to be sampled. Larkin has no doubt of the customer's complete satisfaction.






THANKS














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"Which hole first, Master?"
xoxoxo Natalie





BY NINA HARTLEY

TABOO'S Sub-Space **is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.**

DEAR NINA,

I'm new to kink sex and would like to know the difference between a slave and a submissive. I hear both terms used almost interchangeably, but I know they're not the same thing. Can a person be one but not the other, or both at the same time?

—Wondering What I Am, Portland, Oregon

Dear Wondering:

Broadly speaking, "submissive" is more properly an adjective than a noun. It describes an orientation or a role a person adopts during sex with a dominant partner, with whom they may or may not have an ongoing relationship. A "slave" is an individual who identifies as such, no matter what's going on at a particular moment. A slave is not automatically submissive. Many women in M/s relationships are neither sexually nor emotionally submissive to anyone other than their Masters. They aren't turned on by sexual submission outside of that context and can be quite dominant with others, just as a person who finds acts of physical submission a turn-on doesn't necessarily want to serve anyone outside of the bedroom. A young woman told me recently that she'd always been submissive but never identified as a slave until she met a man who fulfilled all her needs and whom she now calls Master. It took her by happy surprise. To complicate matters still further, a woman can be submissive and also identify as a slave, even if she doesn't currently have a Master. She can "play" submissively, but doesn't consider herself "owned" by any transient playmate until Master Right comes along.

To my way of thinking, "submissive" means that a person is aroused by bondage or whipping or giving sexual service, but not necessarily with a specific individual. If a dominant is good at what he does—impact play, bondage, forceful sex—I'm happy to let him take the lead. I like a man with a plan and going where he takes me. I don't, however, play from the submissive role with someone simply because he says he's a Master dude. I can feel it when his dominant identity is strong and clear. And just because I submit to him on one or more occasions to satisfy our mutual desires doesn't imply surrender in any other department.

A submissive wants to like everything that happens to her. Her submission is contingent on her pleasure and enjoyment.

A slave's job is to be pleasing to her Master and to mold herself into an instrument for his satisfaction. She has rights, of course, but understands that it's not all about her all the time. She may also demonstrate submission in nonsexual ways and allow



her Master to exercise control over aspects of their lives unrelated to BDSM.

For a slave, it's all about what Master wants. Her self-esteem as a good slave depends on doing difficult things well, even if they're less than pleasant. A slave will take pride in service, be it extreme anal training, orgasm control, learning to walk in six-inch heels, or keeping Master's clothes or finances in order. A submissive is more likely to take pride in her high tolerances for strong physical sensations, pleasurable or painful.

For either slaves or submissives, romantic attachment to the dominant partner may, or may not, be essential to their experience.

DEAR NINA,

I subscribe to TABOO and have to say I got very turned on reading that you've been whipped, waxed, spanked, suspended, tied, teased and tormented by your Master. I even cut out your picture and carry it in my wallet. I have one question: How do I find a woman like you?

I'm 71 and no longer have a partner. Computers make me nervous, so I don't have one. I'm healthy and don't need any drugs to show a woman a good time. I just want my own girl to tie up, tease and torment! ***—D.M., Toledo, Ohio***



Dear D.M.:

I'm sure it would be great fun to be tormented by someone so experienced. I understand your reticence toward computers, but if my mother can handle them, so can you! In this day and age it's very hard to find a partner without being online. You won't need a fancy computer since you won't be doing a whole lot with it, but it will give you access to the large and growing kinky



community. Go to a reputable store, take a few lessons on how to navigate the Web safely, and then take it slowly as you learn how it all works. Fair warning: There are plenty of jerks and liars on the Internet!

Casual social gatherings, called "munches," are how kinky people get to know each other face-to-face in a safe environment these days. They're often held at restaurants and are a great way to meet those in your locale. If you're polite and don't act the lech, you'll make friends and they'll turn you on to parties, regional conventions and local play spaces.

Younger women are often leery of older men if they suspect the guy is perving on them. Just use your manners and ask if they know any kinky women over 50, which will put them at ease around you. Taking skill classes at your local event space is a good way to meet others with similar interests, be they rope bondage, fucking machines, G spot massage or single-tailing.

When you get online, do a search for "Winter Wickedness," a yearly event that draws hundreds of people from all over the Midwest. When I attended two years ago it was a revelation seeing the 10,000-square-foot dungeon space FULL of pervy people of all ages. There was whipping, flogging, fucking, caning, pony play, suspension, gangbangs and more, all involving people of every age and type. Happy hunting!





Featuring KAY

Kay's just too pee-shy to tinkle on command. Strapped into the bondage chair, candle lit under her, Kay's nipples stiffen at the cold hardness of the metal plate beneath her bare ass and shaved, ringed pussy. The steel under her butt heats slowly and relentlessly. There's only one solution. All shame forgotten, she pulls herself up, willing her pee-hole to open. The pent-up stream gushes down, hissing as it cools the sizzling plate and splatters the dungeon floor. Offered the chance to clean up her mess, she eagerly assents. Better to have one set of cheeks burn with embarrassment than find the other back in the hot seat!

Photography by Gerry Koehler





URINATION NATION







BENCHMARK

Fiction by EVANGELINE GORDON

Photography by Ken Marcus

All day at work I've been thinking about our "anniversary." It's been hard to concentrate on the computer screen, which keeps filling with images of how we might celebrate. I



can't be sure what's in store because I don't make the decisions. Jason does, and he makes them right. It's been one year since he collared me as his slave and we both know that was the best decision he ever made. It was also the last of any importance I've had to make for myself. I could never have imagined that I'd be proud to be called his property, or flattered to be reminded I'm his fuck doll, but he knew me better than I did.

I hurry home early, ready to take a dangerous initiative. He might think I'd like something romantic to mark the occasion, but what I want, need, are marks to mark the occasion. I want to be made his slave all over again. If he wants to take me out to a nice dinner afterward, I can't say no.

In the meantime, I can leave a simple, folded note on the dining room table telling him I await his pleasure downstairs.

In the very private room we've built under the house and equipped only with things made to hurt and/or use me as he wishes, I'm already naked, wearing my tall posture collar and restraining cuffs, the way he expects to find me even on an ordinary evening.

But this time, we both know it won't be an ordinary evening. I'll be renewing my vows to serve and obey him, and he'll be reminding me why I took them. I'm shamefully wet at the thought.

Hearing his boots on the steps, I get into my kneeling position—head up, shoulders back, tits out, hands behind my back and knees spread wide. I'm trembling, but not with fear, as he looks me over from the stairs. I keep my eyes averted, but I know he's pleased.

At his approach, I lose my composure. I'm feeling very hormonal tonight, and I just don't care if I end up in tears. As soon as he's in range, I break my pose, scrambling over to wrap my arms around his leg and put my face against his crotch. He's already gloriously hard through his black jeans, and I can't help rubbing my face against him.

He doesn't indulge me long—ever—another reason he owns me. At his command, I'm back in position, only this time the stiff shaft of the riding crop pulls back against my throat, holding me upright. His tone is playful, but he means every word when he demands to know if I need breaking again already. No, I'll be a good girl. It's not because I'm afraid. I'll suffer anyway, but I'll do it with grace as much to satisfy myself as to please my Master. I'm proud of what I am, what I can do, what I can take.

Tilting my head back with the crop under my chin, Jason orders me to put my hands, palms-up, on my knees and clear my mind of all but surrender. My shaved cunt has already surrendered to a powerful hunger, but it will get his attention at his choice.

First, he reminds me of the essentials, grabbing me roughly by the hair, he slams the crop down across my tits. I can't suppress a yelp. He never starts on me where I expect. Not until my tits are sore and pink does he order me to present my backside.

His grip on the back of my collar holds me still while





he strokes the wicked thing between my legs, amused at the slick trail my dripping bits leave on it.

The first stroke on my butt is always a surprise. What used to be the goal is now the warm-up. It takes a lot to really sting me back there anymore, but Jason gives me a good, crisp smack that gets my attention. I thank him for each stroke and ask for another as he works his way over my ass cheeks, leaving me souvenirs of the occasion with every impact. I try to stay still, but he teases me in between blows and it's impossible not to squirm. Now he holds my head in his strong hand for the next set of stripes. They feel like they might last a day or two, which makes me smile even though I probably shouldn't.

Sure enough, next thing I know I'm on my back, splayed with my legs open and my hands behind my head, his boot planted firmly in my gut. He reminds me I'm there for his amusement and not the other way around. If I ever lost my fear of Jason completely it would probably be the end of my submission to him. I need that feeling.

Now he concentrates on my nipples, which are very sensitive, and my clit, which is even more so, alternating swats unpredictably among the three targets. I hold as still as I can, but the whip bites deep and no matter how I bite my lip, I still cry out when he taps that button at the top of my slit. And yet, when he presses my legs down flat and works my thighs, the sensation is strangely satisfying. I'm starting to slip into that zone where I crave pain and pleasure equally. Even though I know I mark the most deeply just where he's hitting, I wouldn't mind if it went on for another hour.

As always, Jason has plans of his own, standing me up and shaking out the long hanks of red rope while I remain at attention. I'm always amazed at his patience and concentration even when he has a throbbing hard-on. He weaves an elaborate harness around my arms and chest, securing my hands at the back, and begins the spanking.



Of all the things with which he hits me, I still prefer his hand. And not because it's easier to take. He pounds my ass good and hard until I can feel it turning red and starting to glow with heat. If Jason wants to make a point, so do I, which is why I hold my position so rigidly, alternately yelping and asking him to do it harder.

Amused, Jason complains that his hand isn't as tough as my rump and takes up the paddle. That changes everything. I have trouble taking the paddle. Unlike a whip, it's completely rigid. It can't give, so my flesh must, rippling with every strike. I feel the breeze on my hot behind, then the impact, then the actual sting, then the residual burn, over and over. I'll have bruises from this for sure to remind me of tonight every time I sit down for the next week.

Holding me by the harness, he goes back to using his hand so he can feel the welts from the paddle, making sure they'll stay by giving my ass flesh an extra pounding. I hope he'll fuck me soon, but when that wish escapes my lips, I know I've made things worse. Moving around to the front, he takes my nipples between crushing fingers and pulls up sharply, twisting and pinching. He does not need my opinion. Just to make sure I remember that, he snaps the steel clover clamps on the tips of my already sore tits. These are the meanest clamps we have. I hate them, and yet I always set them out when told to get the room ready. However miserable they are, I like the look in his eye they inspire. I know that look.

The clamps are destined to stay on awhile, but I don't care, because Jason finally liberates his rock-hard cock and puts it to my lips. I'm ever so respectful, taking the head in first and worshipping it, my expression ecstatic. This is the moment when I demonstrate my devotion. His hands wrapped in my hair, he guides my compliant mouth up and down his long shaft, choking me at the depth of his stroke, holding it against the back of my





throat for a moment until I'm coughing and red-faced, then slides it out and repeats the cycle. He's long and it's a trial, but I love sucking him and could do it all night. There have been nights where that was pretty much what I did. I'd be honored if he finished in my mouth, but I'm sure he has plans for other holes.



I'm not surprised to find myself face-down on the spanking bench. Trussed as I am, I'm feeling very much like a piece of meat. At this moment, I have no other ambition other than to be tasty fuck-meat for my Master.

I must be, judging from the swollen, steely cock with which he penetrates me from behind. I'm so wet it slides in easily, and he takes his time getting it all the way in. He starts slow, but picks up speed when he feels me involuntarily thrusting back at him as much as the ropes will allow. I need it fast and deep. I need to come and he knows it, seizing me by the hair and making me beg for it.

I don't need much convincing. My babbled pleas fill the room between ragged gasps and shuddering moans. I'm afraid it's going to happen before I get permission, which could have dire consequences, but I'm shown a bit of mercy and allowed to lift my pelvis, bury him to the hip bones and scream myself purple as the waves hit, one by one. If he weren't holding me in place by the body harness, I'd probably slide off the bench and hit the floor. Convulsed from head to toe, I just keep coming for as long as Jason keeps ramming.

Finally, he lets me rest. Panting furiously, I implore him to let me show my gratitude. I'm convincing because I mean it. Nobody has ever worked me like Jason does. A year of it and I only want it more. I need for him to know that.

Turning me over on the bench, he lets me do the things at which I excel, starting by lapping the sweat from his balls, intoxicated by the scent of his sweat and my own secretions. In no hurry, he feeds the snake down my gullet, pulls its gleaming length back out to rub over my face, then does it again, repeatedly. It's more difficult to swallow him whole this way, but I like that. I want to work to please him.

And when I do, there's no doubt. Jason pulls his cock out of my face in a spray of spit and orders me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. Considering the copious quantities of hot, white lava he dumps on my tongue, his aim is remarkable. Aside from one stray splat on my cheek, he gets the whole load down my throat, where I gulp it as if starving. I have been ever since we started. Sometimes a bellyful of his seed is the only thing that can satisfy me.

I can't help laughing when Jason slaps me across the tits and orders me to get cleaned up. He is, in fact, taking me out to dinner to celebrate, and I'll certainly enjoy a good meal after all this exertion, but I'll probably skip dessert.

I've already had that.❏







Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, *puckerup.com*, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,
I'm fairly new to anal sex. I've slowly worked myself up from a few fingers to a decent-sized butt plug to using a smaller dildo with a partner. The dildo's insertable length is less than six inches, but it won't go in my ass all the way. By the time we get to ass-fucking, we've already been having sex for a while, so being turned on enough is definitely not the issue. I'm super-wet and really aroused. Is it because the dildo's curved? Is it because he positions it downward to give me indirect G spot stimulation? Is there some anatomical reason for why it won't go any further?

—Stop Sign Inside Me

Dear Me:
Unlike the vagina, the rectum isn't a straight tube. It curves slightly in several places. The lower part of the rectum bends toward the navel. After a few inches, the rectum curves back toward the spine, then toward the navel again. These configurations are part of the reason slowness and patience are critical to pleasurable anal penetration. Each person's rectum is unique, and I suspect that yours has a pronounced curve a few inches in. That's why it feels like you can't get the dildo as deep as you'd like. A dildo curved the wrong way may be exacerbating the problem, so trying a straight one is a good idea. In addition, you should experiment with different positions. In some positions, the rectum's twists and turns are more exaggerated, but in others you can actually "straighten" it out. Experiment with different angles until you find one that gives you an easier time with your six-inch dildo. Once you can comfortably take that, you're ready to move on to your partner's cock.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,
I love your column and Web site, *puckerup.com*. You give plenty of good advice while treating your subject in a refreshingly direct manner. My concern is anal cleansing and avoiding messy anal sex. Would going to the bathroom a few hours prior make a messy episode less likely? What about a liquid diet the day before? How many times can you safely rinse the rectum before there's a possibility of causing damage to its walls?

—Mrs. Clean

Dear Mrs. Clean:
Having a bowel movement prior to anal sex is a good way to empty out the lower colon and rectum, increasing your chances of having relatively clean anal sex. I don't usually advise eating (or in this case drinking) a liquid diet the day before. Certainly you could eat mild, easy-to-digest foods beforehand, especially if you have a sensitive system. If you're giving yourself an enema, you can safely rinse out a dozen times or more. Rinsing with plain warm water will not damage the rectal walls. The number of times you rinse isn't the issue with enemas, it's how often you have them. You shouldn't have one every day, as this can dehydrate you, repeatedly wash away the protective mucous lining of the rectum and disrupt your digestive functioning overall. However, as a prelude to butt sex with some time in between, they can definitely contribute to that "clean all over" effect you hope to achieve.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,
I have a specific question about fisting. My girlfriend and I have been trying anal fisting in a rather novice way, I guess. Even using plenty of thick, viscous lube and taking a slow approach, we have only been able to accommodate three fingers so far. Both of our back doors are "virgin" and seem rather tight. I have wider than normal hips and read somewhere that it should be easier for me to be fisted. But neither of us has had any luck so far. I heard that using a special dildo shaped like a cone can help. I've also been told sessions with a specialty masseuse can work toward gradually expanding and loosening things back there. We both want to experience the whole fist. What would you suggest to help us along?

—Anal Fisting Hopefuls

Dear Hopefuls:
Fisting isn't a realistic goal yet. Concentrate on learning to relax, trying out different positions and learning to really enjoy manual penetration. Once you've gotten into a groove, start exploring butt plugs or dildos. These are a great way to help warm you up for more challenging play. You don't necessarily need a specifically shaped dildo, like the cone you mentioned. Get a smooth model made of a high-quality material like silicone, metal or glass and use plenty of lube.

The process of learning to fist is all about patience, practice, being really turned on and working your way gradually toward the goal. Most people don't succeed in taking an entire hand on the first few tries, even if they've experienced a lot of anal sex in other forms. Focus on exploring anal play and figuring out what you like and what gets you off right now. Don't put pressure on yourselves (or each other) to get to the whole hand just yet.

I've never heard of a masseuse that specializes in anal massage—unless there is some clever sex worker out there marketing themselves as one—although there are a few good instructional videos that can teach you great techniques to practice on yourselves and each other.

Photos courtesy of Vivid Video



PHOENIX & TJ

FEEDING TIME

Butt-hooked and bound, Phoenix kneels eagerly to worship T.J.'s cock. Starved all day, she yearns to suck out his seed, but he won't make it easy. He paddles her ass hard and trusses her with a nasty tube gag in her mouth. Planting his foot on her face, he pounds her greasy tailpipe for an eternity, interrupted by a couple of irresistible orgasms. At least some of her appetites are satisfied. T.J. stuffs his slimy meat through the opening in the gag until she chokes. She feels him getting close, prepares to gulp his goop, but his plans are always more diabolic than her imagination. Instead of finishing off in her mouth, he changes out the tube-gag for a clear funnel, making her watch while he jerks his load into it. Phoenix has to tip her head back so it can trickle slowly down her gullet. To wash down her breakfast, T.J. sits her on the toilet and unleashes his bulging bladder for a thorough hosing.

Phoenix can only anticipate with a mixture of eagerness and dread whatever he has planned for lunch. One way or another, he keeps her hungry all the time.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ


































PET PROJECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LEE FORBES**















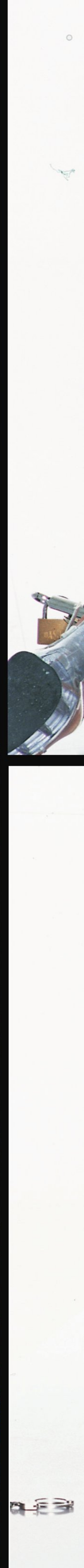

The wet slickness of Mistress Kelle's cooze feels good on my bare back, but the spurring jab of her stiletto heel and the wicked bite of the slender dressage whip down the side of my tit remind me that her pleasure comes before that of her "pet." She's training me hard to be her obedient little animal. I nuzzle her long, muscular legs in gratitude for allowing me to lap some water from my dish before caging me. The wire box and strategic chains position me for cruel taunting with the thick, black, punishing dildo she forces through the mesh.

I plead to serve her properly, even though I know I'll pay later with more searing dressage stripes. I forget about my tender hide when she squats over my face. Not allowed to use my hands, my mouth-work alone inspires the hoped-for result. I make the big strap-on good and wet, deliberately choking myself with it at the back of my throat.

Appropriately, Mistress K fucks me doggy-style first. When I'm panting and whining to her satisfaction, she really puts me through my paces. Stringing me up to the bar with my toes just off the floor and clamping my swollen, throbbing titties, she screws her rubber tool into my socket. She lifts me as if I were weightless and pounds me good while I dangle helplessly by my straining, shaking arms. I come, howling and yelping.

Like any good trainer, Kelle knows when to give her pet a bone.





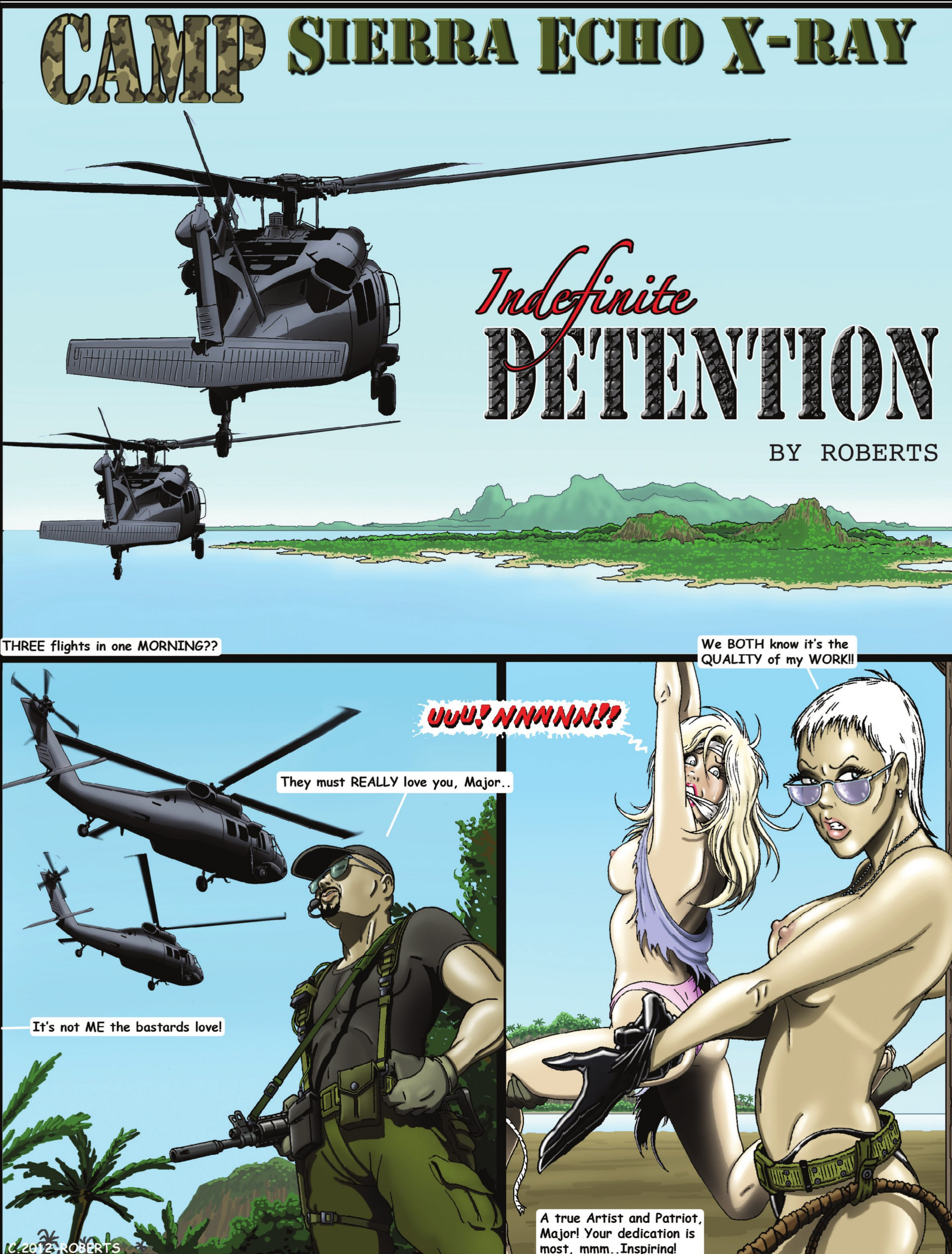











CAMP SIERRA ECHO X-RAY
Indefinite DETENTION
BY ROBERTS
THREE flights in one MORNING??
They must REALLY love you, Major..
It's not ME the bastards love!
UUU! NNNNN!!
We BOTH know it's the QUALITY of my WORK!!
A true Artist and Patriot, Major! Your dedication is most, mmm..Inspiring!
C.2012 ROBERTS



As if I haven't ENOUGH already! TWO choppers, TWICE a day..today THREE?? And THIS little Terrorist cunt WHORE disrespects me first thing?
I'm sure the Chairman of the House Terrorist Detention Sub-Committee is DEEPLY grateful for your service
Captain? WHY am I WAITING?
SERGEANT! Can't you MOVE any FASTER?
UUUUU!!
Get this fucking little slut NAKED and ready to FUCK!!
Save your WHINING, little WHORE!! The SERGEANT has something for your tight PUSSY now! THEN whine!!
Sore PUSSY is my SPECIALTY!



The Sub-Committee SHOULD be VERY grateful..but no, it's never enough! In a couple of days, they're flying in for a "personal inspection" of the Outpost!
AGAIN!
I'm sure they'll be as PLEASED as they were LAST visit..
Sergeant, please..are you going to FUCK her senseless, or BORE her ass to DEATH?
UGHH! PLS!!
NICE.


Um..Copy, roger that.
Er..Major..CQ says the Colonel wants you back on post at the airfield for these new detainees!
Immediately
FUCK.
CAPTAIN! Keep this whore BUSY and give her no REST until I get back!!
Mmm..want that tight ass fucked?
WELL fucking WELL!! Look what the goddamn PUSSY FAIRY flew her dry ass in and LEFT ME!! Why it's a mothafuckinn tits ass and cunt BUFFET! BITCHES! Get USED to the idea that WE OWN YOU NOW!! Mothafuckin TERRORIST DETAINEES!! Yer MINE!!

CONTINUED...



Coming Next Month in HUSTLER'S TABOO

Taboo May/June 2013 On Sale April 16, 2013

Adreena thinks she's up for anything, but before her new Master takes her on, she'll have to prove it, not only by twisting her elaborately decorated physique into various challenging bondage positions, or orgasming on command when probed with an array of dildos and plugs, but also by demonstrating her eagerness to subject herself to the most humiliating acts of submission. After holding in her piss all day as the Master puts her through her paces, she's bound with her legs up and her shoulders on the floor before Master gives his permission for her to relieve herself. Adreena knows that her spattering showers can only soak her face, but it's a test she must pass. Both her bladder and her new owner demand that she comply.

Our long, hot summer begins with this and our other scorching pictorials of perverse beauties engaging in the exotic and depraved practices we know you want to see. And that won't be all we offer to start the temperature rising. We'll have more inside intelligence on butt sex from our Anal Advisor and secrets of submission in Nina Hartley's Sub-Space. We'll inspire your imagination in Fetish Focus and give you a chance to try out your new rubber boots for our next Urination Nation. You won't want to miss a page.